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A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

William and Margaret.

Mary's Dream.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

My Nannie, O.

Death or Liberty.



Newcastle upon Tyne:

Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market.

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of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

William and Margaret.

WHEN hope lay hush'd in silent night,
And woe was wrapp'd in sleep,
In glided *Margaret's* pale-ey'd ghost,
And stood at *William's* feet.

Her face was like an *April* sky,
Dimm'd by a scattering cloud ;
Her clay-cold, lily hand, knee high,
Held up her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youthful years are flown !
Such the last robe that kings must wear,
When death deprives their crown !

Her bloom was like the morning flower,
That sips the silver dew :
The rose had budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her tender prime ;
The rose of beauty pal'd and pin'd,
And dy'd before it's time.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave !
Late let thy pity mourn a wretch,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dark and fearful hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain;
 And lovers' tombs give up their dead,
 To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, *William!* of thy fault,
 Thy pledge of broken truth:
 See the sad lesson thou hast taught,
 My unsuspecting youth!

Why did you first give sense of charms,
 Then all those charms forsake?
 Why sigh'd you for my virgin heart,
 Then left it, thus, to break?

Why did you, present, pledge such vows,
 Yet none in absence keep?
 Why said you, that my eyes were bright,
 Yet taught them first to weep?

Why did you praise my blushing lips,
 Yet make their scarlet pale?
 And why, alas! did I, fond maid!
 Believe the flatt'ring tale?

But, now, my face no more is fair,
 My lips retain no red:
 Fix'd, are my eyes, in death's still glare!
 And love's vain hope is fled.

The hungry worm my partner is ;
This winding sheet my dress.

A long and weary night must pass,
E're heaven allows redress.

But hark ! — 'tis day ! the darkness flies ;
Take one long, last adieu !

Come, see, false man ! how low she lies,
Who died for pitying you.

The birds sung out ; the morning smil'd,
And streak'd the sky with red ;
Pale William shook, in every limb,
And started from his bed.

Weeping, he sought the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay ;
And stretch'd him o'er the green-grass turf,
That veil'd her breathless clay.

Thrice call'd, unheard, on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept her fate :
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And dy'd—and lov'd, too late.

Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree ;

When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea;
 Then soft and low a voice was heard,
 Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be?
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye.
 "O Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath a stormy sea,
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me."

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We toss'd upon the raging main;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love of thee;
 The storm is past, and I at rest;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me."

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt or care,
 And thou and I shall part no more."

Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me
 As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch:

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
 She said she lov'd me best of ony;
 But oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnny.

O she was a canty queen, (loch,
 And weel could dance the Highland wal-
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Her face fae fair, her een fae clear,
 Her wee bit mou', fae sweet and bonny.
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny.

My Nannie, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar
flows,

'Mang moors an' mosses many, O!
The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,
An' I'll away to Nannie, O.
The westlin wind blows loud an' shrill;
The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.
My riches a's my pennie-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' on my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O :
 But I'm as blithe that hauds his plough,
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
 I'll tak what heaven will send me, O,
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But to live and love my Nanie, O.

Death or Liberty.

WHILST happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter,
 I'll never basely lend a hand,
 It's liberties to barter.
 The noble mind is not at all
 By poverty degrade'd,
 'Tis guilt alone that makes us all,
 So well I am persuaded.—
 Each true born Briton's song shall be,
 O give me death or liberty !
 Tho' small the power which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling still shall want
 That freedom which defends us ;
 By laws secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum !
 Thus blest with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em ?
 Each true-born Briton's song shall be,
 O give me death or liberty !

FINIS.